Here enlueth a lytell treatyse named the Tauerne of goostly helthe.

CR. Copl̃ade ỹ p̃yn̄t.

I thyrste good lord full sore
To drynke of thy tõnes fyue
Thy grace to me restore
Whyle that I am on lyue
Of all my synnes to shryue
In heuen at thy repaste
Of thy swete wyne to taste
C Wote I doyde offend
Wt wyne in gyete excelle
Gods lorde I wyll amend
And all my fawtes redresse
One drop of thy wyne prelle
Fro thy moost dulcet grape
Into my hert ỹ shape. amē

Here begynneth a propre mater ryght compendyous in withdrawyng the tyme from ydelnes to contemplacyon for the fedynge of ỹ soule of cryſtes paſſyon named the Tauerne of gooſtly helthe.

Hou the whiche arte thyrſty and woldeſte haue a drynche of euerlaſtynge lyfe come to the tauerne of heuenly ſwetneſſe. I meane to the

woundes of Jhesu crysste.
¶ Neuertheleſſe there is a gate bytwene the and ȳ tauerne/ the whiche I call a dooze and entrynge in to the ſeller. Set the theſſe by grace at the dooze or gate belyly callynge foz to entre vnto ȳ Tauerner our lozde Jheſu cryſt by grete deſyze of hert that he wolde vouchſaſe of his grete mercy to lete the abyde at the gate. And theſſe by his grace to vndo the dooze and lete the in by his gre-

temercy. Thanne sholdeste
thou se his heuenly tonnes
¶ The gate or doze of this
taueme I do call his tendze
precyous skynne in his In
fancye / and passyon / of his
Woundes. And specyally of
his fyue Woundes. yf he of
his grace Wolde let the loke
on theym in peasefull stynge
and abydyngly for a tyme /
thanne I troWeth at yͤ sho
dest soone se that / that I call
his heuenly tonnes.
¶ Some knocke at the ga-

te and tarryeth not/other so/
me knocketh at ỹ gate and
restethe not. Some ben al
way at the gate in maneer
lystnnynge to here the voy/
ce of the heuenly tauerner/
in lettynge in. And though
they be neuer soo longe vn/
herde they grudge not ther/
fore/nor lete not theyr mea/
nes in sekynge/knockynge
and trustynge But holdeth
them vnworthy vnhastyly
kynge. And so after alonge
and cõtynuynge delyre the

Tauerner our lorde Jhesu
cryste maketh worthy that
was vnworthy/and leteth
in the mournynge soule. to
se and loke/in his heuenly
tonnes/and that is/he she-
weth his precyous body/&
woundes vnto the eye of ȳ
soule all naked without a
skynne. Thanne hath the
soule more inwarde lyknyn-
ge of compassyon thanne it
hadde before/all though it
were full good. For it is gre
te deynte too a soule in reste

to loke on the palenesse and
wannesse of Crystes bysa-
ge. yet it is better and more
deynte to loke inner Wythin
the skynne beholdynge the
sore wulynge of the flesshe
With the ache at the boone.
Ryght so it is of all his pay-
nes and passyons, and in es-
pecyall his fyue Woundes,
to beholde his reede blessyd
flesshe Without a skynne all
to torne, and rente to the
bones. The vaynes and sy-
newes apperyng Without

ragyous angupsshes / and
paynes. These may well be
called as me seemeth the hey
uenly tonnes vented and
broched oute of the whiche
cometh all hyuenly dronken
nesse in to a soule.

¶ And so the dyuyne wys
dome of his godhead leadeth
the soule Inner to the myd
dle of the tauerne / that is to
wytte the depe holles of his
woundes. Thanne tasteth
the soule of the heuenly wy
tenesse beholdynge the stre

mes of the tonnes. The eye is in the tauerne bely amon ge the tonnes / and ſtremes and is made ſoo dronken of the ſtremes in the tauerne that it forgeteth it ſelfe / and is all rauyſhed in loue and ſweteneſſe.

¶ Jheſus ſheweth his ope woundes vnto the ſoule / & ſ ſoule is made able to reſte in the woundes for a tyme. And thanne the eye of the ſoule wkethe in at the gate of heuen, the openne eye of

Lorde god Jhesu
cryst to the I gyue
ue thankes for
thou began thy
myghty passyon
beryng thy crosse meekely
and therto faste nayled thou
haddeste pacyence. And on
that holy crosse thou hange
full of payne thou
unded greuously
ke conforteably. All
nes were broke holy
sheddest thy precyous
large. and for me

hymner thou suffredest thy
dyetter deth doutlesly. ¶ No
we I recomende me vnto ỹ
lorde Jhesu cryste in ỹ loue
ỹt pleased ỹ to dye openly
for the worlde. Also I recom
mende me vnto ỹ lorde Jhesu
cryste by ỹ vertue of thy ho
ly passyon & thyne ineffable
gloriouse mercy Jhesu cry
ste good father and lorde for
the honoure of thyne holy
name. And for thyne infyny
te and ineffable pyte make
me to hate all theuynes that in

me is the Which may dyscho
nour & spot my soule to per-
mytte/ & to do penaunce by
the helpe of thy bytter dethe
& by the ofter yugein myn
de of thy holy woūdes/ þ I
may fynde suche helpe in þ
good lorde that þ Wylte de-
fende me fro the paynes of
hell. And that by thy defēce
I may alway be With þ in
Joies & that þ Wylt alway
defende my soule by thy pro
tecyons Whiche þ redemed
With thy precyous blode.

A M E N

¶ Thus endeth ỳ Tauern
of goostly helth. Emprynte
at London in the Fletestret
at the sygne of the Rose gar
lande by Robert Toplay
Anno dñi .M.CCCC.xx